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& Ackerman, architects, is a notable achievement. It satisfies our ideals as to the necessary formality near the house, but it is treated in a picturesque and free way. There is no flower garden, though the pool terrace and the tea terrace are gardenesque in treatment. The planting here is of great interest. It is characteristically American in material and feeling, and bears slight resemblance to English work.

Innumerable examples of formal work of much merit are continually being published in the outdoor magazines, but they often show great weakness in the composition of the plan, as if the designers were not clear in their minds as to the ends to be sought. It is desirable that our critical faculties be developed so that we shall not be satisfied with slipshod and ill-studied schemes.

It seems almost as if anyone were competent to design a garden or as if a garden could be built without any design, so often do we see the work undertaken, not only by amateurs, which is not so bad if they be real lovers, but by mer-

cenaries. The art of garden design is like all art—anything can be done if it is done right, and with love.

We hope that the style of gardening, long so popular in the suburbs and which was well expressed in the desire common twenty years ago, to make the house "look as if it grew from the ground" will be much modified by the influence of these and other examples of a more studied and more useful type.

The unfenced suburban lot with its Colonial cottage is not a thing of the past, but I believe that it is going fast and that we shall see fewer unfenced plots and return to an older and saner ideal with little gardens hidden behind picket fences or even brick walls.

The best spirit of the garden can not be maintained on an open lot nor can the design count for much unless it be strongly limited, or, as it were, framed. The physical barrier need not be impassable, but the intellectual barrier must be complete or the garden will not be a place for  
retired Leisure,

That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure.

## GARDEN SCULPTURE

BY ADELINE ADAMS

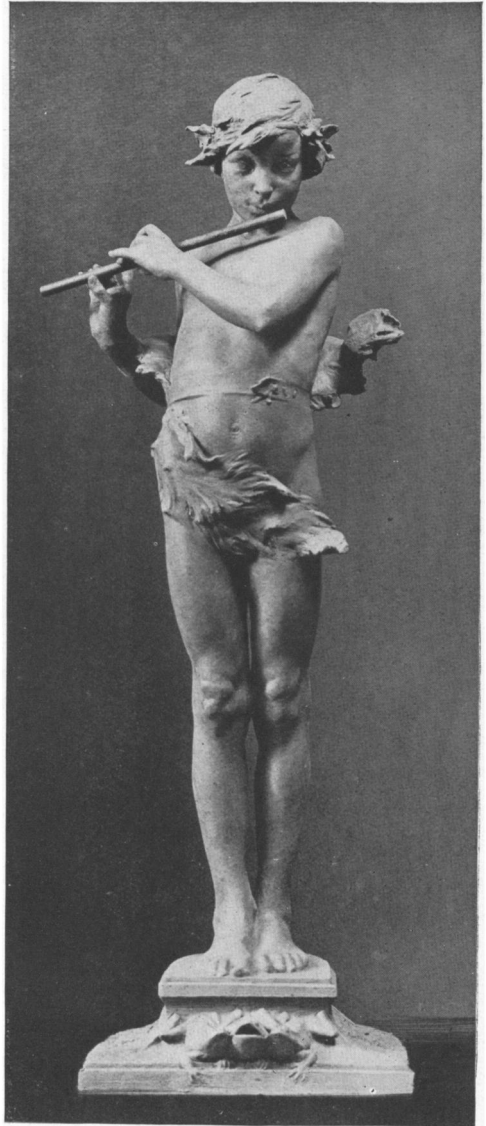
PEOPLE were standing by the fountain in the garden of a sculptor; and some one was asking him what in his opinion was the most beautiful material to model in. The questioner probably had in mind clay, wax, stone, metal and other solid substances; but the sculptor answered quickly: "Water. There is nothing in the whole world so marvelous to manipulate as water." A gleam of creative rapture lit his face. "Shall I show you my 'Veil of Mist?' or my 'Jeweled Elm-Tree?'"

There are few sculptors who have not been fascinated at one time or another by the designing of fountains, with their primary interest of sculpture and their secondary mystery and magic of water; whether of still water, with its mirrored

pictures of blue sky, dark trees, many-colored flowers and sun-flecked walls; or of gently dropping water, suggestive of leisure and repose; or of leaping, flashing, dancing water, hypnotic even without copper or silver balls tossed up and down; or of water brought from afar in grandiose cascades or canals, as in the garden art of the Villa d'Este, the Villa Lante, Versailles, and Saint Cloud; or even of water turned at great cost to wondrous baroque inventions for drenching the unwary bystander, as in the Villa Aldobrandini. Fortunately, at the present hour, the practical joke in fountains is out of date; and there is a growing use of fountains as memorials, either stately or intimate, either in public squares or in private gardens.

Fifty years ago, the maiden effort of a young American sculptor was naturally an Indian or a soldier; today, with our increased interest in garden art and garden life, it is as naturally a fountain. Setting aside the innumerable pots, urns, sarcophagi and other "containers" for trees, shrubs and flowering plants, the larger part of our garden sculpture centers about water and its works. Besides the more or less imposing figure fountain, with its bronze boys, dolphins, fauns, nymphs, Nereids, Tritons, turtles and other hardy perennials of the aquatic imagination, there are tanks, reservoirs, bathing pools, all none the less practical if touched with some suggestion of the sculptor's art; there is the basin of the well-known "pozzo" type, flowering out into putti, corpulent or lean, bending under their swags of foliage and fruit; there is the little wall-fountain, borrowed from the lavabo of Renaissance churches, and dear to the careful gardener, replenishing from it the green-painted, fine-snouted watering-pot sacred to his tiny seedlings. Then there is the water-spout, ready with its witty word of grotesque, and the rain-water pipe-head, in which English lead-work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries displayed a vigorous and interesting art. There is even the bird-bath, that modern invention of the nature-lover, since today, though we profit by many of the garden ideas of the Renaissance, we do not imitate those Siennese gallants who tied blinded thrushes to the dwarf ilex and cypress, to decoy winged creatures for convenient garden shooting. The twentieth century bird-bath lures birds to life rather than to death, as is shown in the example just completed by Annette Saint-Gaudens, who has represented upon it characters in Percy MacKaye's bird-masque, "Sanctuary." The masquing spirit is afoot these days with new opportunities for sculpture; the outdoor stage, now no very uncommon feature in private gardens and groves, shows a retaining wall and other boundaries ready for suitable sculptural accent by means of statues, Hermæ, vases, mascarons or garlands.

As not every day is fit for verse, so



FOUNTAIN FIGURE

E. MCCARTAN

not every sculptor is gifted with the happy hand for designing garden forms. This is partly a temperamental matter; in nine cases out of ten, the note should be that of joy, or at least of serenity, rather than toil and endeavor. Mr. MacMonnies's "Bacchante" and "Boy with Heron" have set the perfect pace for the gayety of American gardens. Your garden sculptor should have above all a true dramatic instinct for the rôle his work



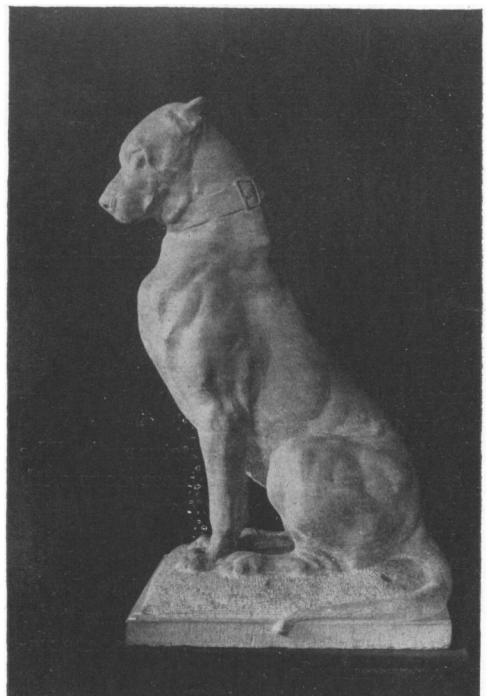
FOUNTAIN

FRANCES GRIMES

is to play in the garden ensemble—a fine relation-sense which will by no means clip the wings of his design. You can not make pleasure-sculpture out of accurate letter-of-the-law nature-copying alone. In a fountain figure, for example, with its silhouette seen under varying conditions—today drenched with sun and tomorrow dripping with water—all according to wind and weather—surely the artist has much to consider aside from inch-by-inch anatomical modeling. Sculptors know this, but sometimes forget it, when once launched out on the simple joy of “copying a morceau.”

Here we touch a great difficulty in our art education. In spite of all the chattered tomfoolishness of the hour, the fact remains that for most artists, the school training is the beginning of wisdom. It is not a goal, but a starting-point; it gives firm ground for future creative flights. Yet no house can be well built of foundation-stuff alone. The school provides a foundation, and something of a ground-floor besides, but the artist himself must build his own upper stories. He must create his own personal syntheses in art, with the help of the repeated analyses

practised by him in school. And here comes his perilous moment; to survive, he needs time and opportunity. The most advanced type of artistic training, such as that offered by our American Academy in Rome, does not begin and end with Houdon's “*Copiez toujours*,” but allows for contemplation, for self-communion, for the personal synthesis, and for the exchange of thought between sculptor, painter and architect, so that each may understand the other's aims. American art today needs all the mellowing and broadening influences that both the contemplative and the communicative spirit can bestow. Mr. Manship's figures and groups, with their rich inventions of rainbow-winged fancy, are here to prove that the Academy is not an ogre, whose chief delight is to crush personal genius. But human frailty does not easily part with its incurably romantic idea of a fabulous monster; the public demands a scapegoat; it would rather than not believe in the Evil Eye; and the mood of the moment, with the injudicious, is to charge



GREAT DANE

ANNA V. HYATT

all untoward influences in art to some Gryphon of an Academy, of which little is known, and everything suspected.

Meanwhile, Mr. Manship from Rome and Mr. McCartan in New York are both proving in their work that they not only know how to model the nude and compose a statue, but, what is far more rare, that

our American lack in this direction, the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, in co-operation with the National Sculpture Society, has been at pains to install in New York ateliers in which the ornament-modeler, as distinct from the sculptor, may seriously study his art. And when an artist like Mr. McCartan designs and



DIANA

JANET SCUDDER

they can "handle ornament." Now ornament is often regarded as beneath the notice of the new-fledged sculptor, while as a matter of sad fact, it is more likely to be quite beyond his powers; and this partly because he lacks invention, and partly because he is without knowledge of the rhythms of design; not hearing the music, his mind can not march. Garden sculpture as well as severe monumental form calls constantly for the light touch or the strong arm of ornament. Noting

models the exquisite ornament seen upon his Barnett Prize Fountain, a new hope is breathed into the efforts of those who would improve our American standards in artistic craftsmanship, and break down the stupid barrier between artist and artisan. Somewhere in the unknown lies a vast continent of design forms not yet touched by any Columbus—a wealth of fauna and flora not of the Acropolis or the Roman Forum or the Gothic cathedral, but akin to Greek and Gothic in



BREWSTER FOUNTAIN

SHERRY E. FRY

beauty and power; and the world is waiting for these new good things.

Given our garden fountain, with or without its ornament, what more natural than a coign of vantage from which to enjoy it? The exedra, as introduced to us a generation ago by McKim, White and other architects, has been eagerly adopted by garden lovers. A beloved spot at Aspet, the Saint-Gaudens estate, holds in the far distance a blue sky, a blue mountain and a lordly crest of purple pines; in the middle distance is a magic stretch of simple grass, while near at hand, and flanked by a rosy tracery of oleander blossoms, a golden god Pan

pipes to the seven golden fishes spouting water into a green-veined white marble basin, rectangular in form. Facing this, and shaded by pines, hemlocks and silver birches, is a great white exedra, planned not on the usual curve but on the three sides of an oblong, and showing in relief, on the end of each wing, an ivy-crowned faun, by Louis Saint-Gaudens. Two giant terra-cotta vases, made in this country from Italian originals, stand at the entrance to the pergola that garlands the "old studio"; in an upper garden, a bronze Narcissus leads the eye toward the house, with its white balustrade accented by gracious heads of the Seasons.

Ten years ago, I saw in the garden of a sculptor an exedra with outlines pleasing to the eye, and comfortable to the anatomy. The material was concrete, that first aid to the garden-mad and their domestic sculpture. Inquiry brought out the fact that the contour had been established by the sculptor's actual sitting down, *in propria persona*, in a roughly shaped mass of fresh concrete. To use the human frame as a heroic modeling-tool, or templet, struck me at that time as a delightfully unique idea in sculpture; today, with so many artists keen for the queer, it would doubtless seem a mere commonplace; one might even be glad that the human templet was not used upside down, in the pursuit of novelty. But to speak justly, our garden sculpture has not succumbed to the pestilent idea that queerness is higher than beauty, and a shock to the spectator a richer artistic achievement than his delight. Garden art in our country is no longer in its infancy, and not yet in its decadence. Accepting the broad principles of Italian garden design (such as the treatment of the garden as a place to live in, the harmonizing of the house with the garden, and the adaptation of both to climate and landscape) it does not today admit the baroque puerilities of the hydraulic practical joke, or the grotto of mechan-

ical toys and monsters. Fortunately, much of our landscape gardening is in the hands of true artists, who employ the best resources of other days, and the genius of modern sculptors.

Among the oldest inhabitants of gardens are the Hermæ, or boundary gods, once used, it is said, to define limits of land, but now freed from that dull task, to be set up (singly, or in pairs, or in rows) wherever found desirable, as to accent a terrace, or to flank a flight of steps. The variety of type is infinite; male and female, these terminal deities are the chorus in the grand opera of garden sculpture, the only rule laid upon them being that they must play the four-square post below the waist, and look pleasant above. Marble is their best dress, but they may with good effect wear terra-cotta in the paler tones—a material well adapted also for the legion of great decorative pots, round or square, that “help so” in gardens either intimate or imposing. Many garden owners collect “antiques,” delightful enough even though some of them, like women and music, are perhaps better left undated. Renaissance sarcophagi are put to the cheerful uses of pink geraniums; capitals and fonts and well-heads bubble over with all sorts of blooming things. In the sun-dial, little regarded by the Latin temperament,



GARDEN AT "CHESTERWOOD," THE ESTATE OF DANIEL C. FRENCH

but dear as the lawn itself to the British imagination, the American sculptor has a subject that can not be accused of alien origin. Associated chiefly with English landscape art, it nevertheless may "mark only happy hours" in more formal surroundings.

Alas, that in every human effort shown out-of-doors, the climate has always the last word! Good old Horace, grumbling impressively about the hard winters of Tibur, would find his sandaled toes shrewdly nipped in a Cornish garden on the Ides of December, with Mercury's winged heel quite capable of hitting well below the zero mark. In Italy, the tooth of time is not a bad sort of modeling-tool; it has carved a veil of illusion for triviality, and has given a new grace to things already beautiful. But in our northern latitudes, the tooth of time does not model; it ravages and corrodes, often with incredible swiftness, and due winter precautions must enshroud our garden sculpture. The question of material is

ever with us. Bronze endures, but turns dark; marble is fair, but frail. In the dooryard of many an American artist, home-grown miracles have been wrought from cement. I recall charming tennis benches, with ornamented ends; a wall-fountain with reliefs of satyrs; some great vases enriched with the owner's coat-of-arms, and cast in a three-piece mold; and numerous basins, posts, balustrades and steps. But trowel-sculpture has its limitations, and the question of durability has not yet been fully answered by the years. Perhaps, at some future day, science will co-operate with art, and produce for the garden sculptor a material as easily modeled as terra-cotta, as exquisite as marble, as impressive as granite, and as durable as bronze. Till then, we must manage as best we can with the materials the ancients had, though under climatic conditions more favoring than ours; and we may at least note with thankfulness that in garden art as in all things annihilation has its uses.

## GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA

BY STEPHEN CHILD

FELLOW AMERICAN SOCIETY OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS

**E**VEN the briefest description of the beautiful gardens of California would be inadequate without reference to the background of the surrounding country in the midst of which they are placed. Very naturally in this comparatively new part of our land the best work has been done in or near the great cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles. The residential towns of Berkeley, Burlingame, Menlo Park, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Riverside and San Diego offer many examples. While the topography of these towns is in general quite hilly, there are, it is true, many broad, rich, fertile valleys, but these are utilized for orchards and ranches; the beautiful homes being situated along the sides of the more or less rugged hills and steep-sided valleys, or "arroyos," where during the winter season picturesque

brooks and streams dash over great sandstone rocks.

Covering many of the slopes of hill and vale are grand old sycamore, cypress and pine trees and groves of live oaks. Farther up the near-by mountain sides these become stunted to the tall brush or "chaparral" growth, among which is found the beautiful California lilac, manzanita, sage, and innumerable other native shrubs of great interest and beauty. This native growth which covers the mountains to their very summits, some of them three to five thousand feet high, is one of the most attractive features of the impressive background. After the first fall rains and the ensuing warm sunshine, these hills and mountain sides, covered with verdure of many shades of green, resemble an immense bolt of rich velvet cloth which some Titan hand